Fowl Feathered Review

№ 196

Issue 196: The Entropy of Gingerbread Crumbs: A Semi-Fairy Tale.

Fowl Feathered Review is a quarterly, a disordered artifact of the human impulse to categorize and consume the ephemeral. Produced by the Springwound Mammoth Pancake Coalition—an entity distinct from its waffle-centric counterpart—it is birthed under the Fowlpox Press imprint. Virgil Kay, its editor, presides over this enterprise from a paper canoe adrift on the Passagassawakeag, a river of dubious depth and even more dubious inhabitants. Surrounded by featherheads and their aquatic card games, Kay's reign is absolute, his word the final arbiter in the transformation of boastful souls into doormats. Layout and visual conceits are the province of Cookie Granola, while melodrama and histrionics fall under the purview of Childe Harold. Silent Bill, in his characteristically taciturn manner, provides necessary pauses. The review's structural integrity, or lack thereof, is the domain of Unkie Bob, whose talents extend to the mitigation of typographical errors and the prevention of electrical conflagrations. Everett Enótita serves as Kay's indispensable amanuensis, and the Ecum Secum Literary Brain Trust, in a gesture of dubious beneficence, offers nominal financial support. Printed upon the verdant expanse of Bald Porcupine Island, and laced with the enigmatic Kraa, a bioengineered culinary enigma, the Fowl Feathered Review remains a testament to human ingenuity, or perhaps merely a symptom of cultural decline. ISSN: 1929-7238.

"I am an observer of life, a non-participant who takes no sides. I am in the regimented society, but not of it."
--Moondog, The Viking of 6th Avenue

Return Policy:
If this magazine does not meet your expectations,
please return it to us in its original condition
for a full refund, minus the cost of enlightenment.

Submissions

Fowlpox Press: A Submission Guide for the Determined (or Deluded) To the Aspiring Artist (or Sandwich Enthusiast):

1. **Craft** (or **Culinary Construct**): 2-227 poems, a numerical range that hints at both ambition and a troubling lack of self-editing, may find their way to our digital doorstep (fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com). Alternatively, for the visually inclined, paintings numbered 2-953 (a prolific career, or perhaps a basement overflowing with forgotten canvases?) are welcome. We are also, inexplicably, open to submissions of twelve-inch sandwiches.
2. **The Gatekeeper:** Address your offerings to Virgil Kay, Editor. In posession of remarkably discerning taste, or so he believes, Virgil is a rooster of some renown, a creature of instinct and inexplicable confidence. His title, "China Wok Habitue," suggests a broader palate than one might expect from a bird, though it's more likely a testament to the local takeout joint's generous portions. (**Please note:** Include a bio, a desperate plea for recognition that will likely join the unread masses in the digital purgatory of our slush pile.)
3. **Format:** Poems, those valiant attempts at capturing the human experience in meter and rhyme, should be attached in a Word document or PDF. Paintings, windows into your soul (or a weekend spent with Bob Ross reruns), must be submitted in JPEG, TIFF, or a format our aging technology can comprehend. Jokes, if they exist, should be delivered in MP3 format. We are, alas, not equipped to handle the nuanced art of the live performance. Sandwiches, a curious offering in the realm of artistic expression, require clear plastic wrapping and a small packet of Kewpie Mayonnaise. (**Pro-tip:** The Kewpie packaging is, undeniably, a work of art in its own right, and we encourage you to admire it before consumption.)
4. **The Cycle Continues:** We exist in a perpetual state of acceptance and rejection. A Sisyphean task, some might say. We receive submissions 365 days a year, a testament to the relentless hope, or perhaps blissful ignorance, of aspiring artists. However, with a heavy heart (and a full crop), we must inform you that rejections also occur 365 days a year.
5. **The Sandwiches:** Ah, the sandwiches. These, unlike your artistic endeavors, find a permanent home within our editorial sanctum. Virgil, in his infinite wisdom, has determined that a diet rich in carbohydrates is essential for maintaining his regal demeanor.
6. **Leap Year Follies:** Leap years, those extra days gifted by the whims of the calendar, offer no reprieve. Aspiring poets, it seems, are undeterred by such temporal anomalies. You are, however, cordially invited to "take a flying leap" during these additional 24 hours.

Please proceed with caution. Artistic aspirations are a delicate dance, and the path to publication is littered with the fallen hopes of countless dreamers. But hey, maybe your sandwich is killer. Just remember, Kewpie or bust.

Fowl Feathered Review | Poets & Writers (pw.org)

"Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco."

— Virgil, The Aeneid

Friction

By Josh Kimball

They had no skin in the game
Battle of the curio taxidermied automatons
On ice
The young
Crazed
Tinkerers
Laughing and cheering
As fur and gears chafe
And catch on fire
A man was granted a security guard licence
After considerable struggle
He now guards an old tree
From within
He stands guard
In the hollow
Glaring at potential intruders
Real or imagined
On land that belonged to his father
Before losing it
To the bank
He watches skunks
Squirrels
Shoos them off
A tired hare
An owl
Every bit as stern as he
And there
Where the field succumbs to bramble

The young
Crazed
Tinkerers
Laughing and cheering
As fur and gears chafe

Showtime

By Meghan Polus

Can we give Mr. Zuko Westland a standing ovation?
He's sitting there quietly in his armchair,
but you would too if you'd spent 47 years underwater in a '67 Ford Galaxie
and it's a shame we couldn't clean 'im up a little bit before the show
but the makeup people did what they could.
He still looks better than Carrot Top.
And let's slap our appendages and stumps and whatnot,
make a slappy clappy sound,
give a hardy hoot for Ms. Wilhelmina Newton,
she's kinda hard to figure out,
just staring at that milk carton,
almost staring it out of existence,
all limp as a rag with that kooky smile,
really kinda makes you wonder.
And don't forget Jacob Betz,
nice old rabbit,
he's seen things, y'know,
he's seen things.
Nice round of applause for our guests tonight,
maybe they'll sing a few songs,
maybe we'll leave them well enough alone.

Confection as Confession (Unsealed)

BY FAUNTLEROY VAN NEBEKH

The crackle, then the deeper, sibilant whisper of the campfire, a conspiratorial hum in the inky throat of the New Jersey night. Crickets, those tireless miniaturist machinists, insisted upon their ceaseless counterpoint, a rhythmic undercurrent to the distant, spectral hum of some forgotten Parkway's nocturnal currents. Here, in the flickering amber glow, sat the assembled, their faces chiaroscuro studies in contemplation: the Griot, his very silence a resonant, ancient instrument; the Kathakar, her hands, even at rest, possessed of an almost imperceptible balletic grace; the Bard, whose eyes, twin pools reflecting the inferno, held untold sagas; the Ashik, his saz, cradled like a lover, whispering anticipatory notes.

They had unfurled tapestries of kings and phantoms, of loves that defied logic and destinies wrought by unseen hands. The very air, thick as clotted cream, was redolent with the epochs of myth, the musk of history, the pungent philosophy of woodsmoke. But one among them, a spectral presence from these very American demesnes, had remained an island of quietude, absorbing, his gaze an unblinking, oracular communion with the dancing heart of the flame, as if the very lexicon of existence were inscribed within its incandescent script.

Then, from the Griot, that orchestrator of silence, came the almost imperceptible tilt of the head, a gesture more eloquent than any grand pronouncement. "My confrère," he rumbled, his voice a low, geological thrum, "you have graced us with the acute sensitivity of your tympanum. But what vast, inchoate epic, what saga of the ineffable, stirs within the very marrow of your being? What unplumbed narrative yearns for its parturition?" Gary, for that was his designation, drew a breath that seemed to inflate the very cosmos within his lungs. A peculiar iridescence, like oil on water, began to shimmer in his eyes. He cleared his throat, a sound both prosaic and pregnant with the coming storm. And as the initial hesitancy in his voice transmuted into a strange, mesmeric cadence, the very

crackle of the fire seemed to diminish, the insistent chirping of the cicadas to fall silent, as if the nocturnal orchestra had received an unseen conductor's peremptory signal for repose. His voice, a bizarre synthesis of the ancestral and the utterly, deliciously unhinged, began to weave its spell.

It began, as all truly ineluctable sagas must, with the waking, that quotidian apocalypse, not with the clarion's brassy summons nor the raven's grim augury, but with the insidious, relentless beep-beep-BEEP of a digital alarm, a sound, my friends, that is not merely sound but the very noumenon of Monday morning, meticulously distilled, hermetically sealed, and surgically injected directly into the vulnerable cortex! And as the somatic stretching commenced, the light, that pale, insipid, pre-lapsarian light of Orono, Maine – yes, Orono! – commenced its spectral, agonizing crawl across the linoleum, a silent, creeping terror, an existential dread made manifest! That light, my discerning auditors, was not simply photons; it was a cosmic key, unlocking the hermetic vault of Memory, that capricious, perfidious strongbox where even the most monumental narratives lie supine, awaiting the auspicious... ignition!

And in that spark, that nascent, proto-gnostic thought, a vision, oh, a vision! Not of chimerical beasts, nor of crumbling, antediluvian empires, but of something far more potent, far more... toasty! The year, if my internal chronometer, that fickle chronometer, serves me, was 1963. A simpler epoch, perhaps, yet fraught with inchoate peril, a temporal juncture where the very architecture of breakfast was poised for its momentous... re-engineering! For within the hallowed, almost sacrosanct precincts of Post Holdings, a revelation was incubating, a culinary cataclysm! They had, with the cunning of a thousand alchemists and the prescience of a particularly deranged sibyl, divined the arcana of partial food dehydration! Ponder, if you will, the implications! No more putrefaction! No more spoilage! This, I submit to you, was not merely applied science; it was a miracle, a triumph of epistemological fortitude over entropic decay! And they ensconced it, oh, they ensconced it in Mylar wrappers, those shimmering, space-age chrysalises that promised an eschatological freshness!

Now, one might, with justifiable query, inquire: what, then, was the inaugural, glorious product to emerge from this technological crucible? A hyper-sustenance for

cosmonauts? A panacea for existential melancholia? NO! It was dog food, my esteemed colleagues! Gaines Burgers! Envision! The very genesis of this breakfast-time revolution, announced by the guttural symphony of canine appetite! This, I declare unequivocally, is the very soul of tragic irony, a cosmic jest meticulously orchestrated upon the unsuspecting, perhaps even canine, palate of mankind!

Then, BANG! February 1964! The pronouncement, disseminated not by avian courier, but by the relentless, ubiquitous press release! Country Squares! A nascent breakfast pastry, heralded by the trumpets of Madison Avenue and the saccharine promises of gustatory beatitude! BUT HALT! A peripeteia, a cruel, exquisitely delicious twist! The announcement, like a rogue comet on an unpredictable trajectory, preceded, by a considerable margin, the company's actual capacity to produce and distribute this promised ambrosia! And whilst Post, in a paroxysm of corporate lassitude, fumbled with logistics, like a particularly clumsy dragon attempting to hoard its glittering hoard, a rival, a colossus of industry, a Kellogg's of the North, descended like a famished raptor! Pop Tarts! They launched! They conquered! They devoured the market share with the rapacious ferocity of a thousand ravenous adolescents!

Country Squares, bless their diminutive, ill-fated, rectilinear hearts, sold abysmally! A tragedy of Homeric proportions, a breakfast-time Waterloo! But despair not, my friends, for in 1965, the phoenix of breakfast pastries, that mythical confection, rose from the ashes, reborn with a new appellation, a nom de guerre that reverberated through the very ether, through the very fabric of American culinary consciousness: Toast'em Pop Ups! It was a desperate supplication, a rebranding born of acute market desperation, yet imbued with a certain... chutzpah, an indefatigable spirit! And then, in 1971, in a strategic maneuver that will forever occupy the annals of corporate mystification, Post, in a moment of what can only be described as profound corporate amnesia, SOLD the rights! The name! The product! To whom, you query? To the Schulze and Burch Biscuit Company! And they alone, these intrepid purveyors, continue to churn out these rectangular marvels to this very day! Their prices, I assure you, are INSANE...ly perfect! Oh, the inner life of a Toast'em Pop Up! Do you ever, my discerning auditors, ponder the latent anxieties of a Brown Sugar Cinnamon, its silent dread of being eclipsed by its more flamboyant kinsman, the Wild Berry? Or the unspoken yearning of a Chocolate Fudge,

desiring a fleeting moment of tranquil introspection before its ineluctable destiny within the voracious maw of a Homo sapiens? I, Gary, often do! For in my own cognitive sphere, a realm where the internal monologue is a cacophony of absurdities and profound epiphanies, I perceive them: the silent, existential battles waged within the Mylar wrapper! The evanescent hopes of a S'mores before it encounters its fiery apotheosis!

"In a world of my own," I muse, that phrase echoing with the melancholic grandeur of a neglected symphony, "these pastries are not merely pastries; they are the very essence of human endeavor, of triumph and folly, inextricably baked into a delightful, sugary crust!" What the dispassionate lens of the photographer perceives, what the external world apprehends, is merely a flat, two-dimensional simulacrum. But in my mind's eye, they pirouette, they vocalize, they intone their brief, poignant existence! This, I submit, is the secret life of a Toast'em Pop Up, a life infinitely richer than any mere semantic label could possibly convey!

And consider, if you will, the flavors! Oh, the flavors! Blueberry, a flavor as ancient as the rolling moors of Éire, yet here, hermetically confined within the sleek, modern lines of a toaster pastry! It is, dare I say, the very embodiment of Che Guevara and Debussy to a disco beat! The earthy sagacity of the ages, pulsed through the electric current of contemporary consumption! Or Cherry, a flavor that whispers of Shakespearean tragedies, of clandestine passions and chalices laced with hemlock, now resurrected in a foil packet, destined for a three-minute engagement with a heating element! And Cookies & Creme, a modern marvel, a postmodern pastiche of variegated textures and synthesized tastes, a culinary Cubism that defies conventional categorization! From the humble, bucolic farm kitchen to the sprawling, labyrinthine supermarkets of North America, these pastries have transcended mere sustenance! Since 2023, they have even conquered the United Kingdom! The British Isles, that very bastion of sartorial restraint and stoic tradition, now bowing before the saccharine might of the Pop Up! It is a cultural revolution, a silent, sugary coup d'état!

And yet, for all their hyperbolic flourishes, for all their unhinged glory, there resides a profound truth within the Toast'em Pop Up. A truth whispered, not declaimed, a confession delivered with the quiet dignity of a late-night infomercial. These are not

grand banquets, nor artisanal gourmet delights meticulously crafted for the discerning palate of the Epicurean. They are, at their very core, a promise. A promise of swift comfort, of accessible sweetness, of a fleeting moment's respite in the relentless, inexorable march of time. They are, dare I utter the blasphemy, the everyman's epic, the humble saga of the morning rush. "I could love you," I confess, gazing into the vitreous depths of a blueberry-filled Pop Up, that small, unassuming rectangle holding universes, "if I try—and I could. And left to my own devices, I probably would." For in their unpretentious simplicity, in their unassuming existence, they unveil a fundamental human imperative: the yearning for a modicum of joy, easily attained, readily consumed. This, my friends, is not merely food; it is a philosophy, a culinary phenomenology!

So here we stand, under the vast, indifferent New Jersey sky, having traversed the epic journey of the Toast'em Pop Up. From the dawn of a nascent corporate ideation, through the tumultuous trials of market brutalism, to the triumphant, albeit low-key, reign of the Schulze and Burch Biscuit Company! We commenced with the mundane alarm, a mere tremolo preceding the day's unfolding, and we now conclude under the watchful, albeit distant, gaze of the moon, as the very essence of these pastries settles within our collective consciousness. They are the breakfast of champions, the fuel of dreams, and the silent, unassuming heroes of countless rushed mornings! Their saga is not inscribed in ancient palimpsests, but in the miniscule detritus on a kitchen counter, in the faint, electrical hum of a toaster, and in the satisfied, almost somnolent sighs of millions! This, my friends, is the true meaning of an epic! Can your heart, I ask you, even handle such exquisite narrative craftsmanship? Probably not, but that, I hasten to assure you, is precisely why we have incorporated extra padding for your emotional comfort, free with every purchase of this very sentence! Act now! Operators are standing by! His prices are INSANE...ly beautiful!

Gary finished, a bead of perspiration, testament to his profound exertion, tracing a path down his temple. He settled back, his chest heaving with the aftermath of his pronouncement, the silence around the campfire now profound, almost sacred, punctuated only by the distant, rhythmic chirping that now seemed part of the narrative itself. The Griot, his face a landscape of ancient wisdom, slowly nodded, a slow, beatific smile spreading across his features. The Kathakar's eyes, previously veiled by

contemplation, now shone with a newfound, almost incandescent understanding. The Bard, as if in involuntary response, reached for his harp, and a faint, nascent melody, both ancient and oddly modern, began to form in his mind. And the Ashik, after a protracted, silent moment, simply murmured, his voice a quiet revelation, "Truly, the stories of the world are infinite. Even in the unexpected, there is epic."

What other culinary sagas, my friends, lie dormant, awaiting their unburdening from the forgotten recesses of your own memories?

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The Vermillion Tangle: A Spider's Tale at the Pump, or, On the Ontological Perambulations of Arachnids and the Ineluctable Solipsism of the Human Condition in the Gloaming of the Digital Age

By Half Batch Thornton

I. Invocation of the Weave

("The night, a sequined gown...")
At the Shell station where the streetlights pooled like spilled mercury, the orb weaver—Araneus marmoreus, to the taxonomists—dangled from a droplet of condensation on the canopy. His web, a lattice of silk and moonlight, trembled with the rhythm of a diesel engine. Below, the girl in the neon-green vest pumped gas into her 2015 Yaris, her breath fogging the cold July air. To her, the spider was an afterthought; to him, she was the axis of a fable he had spun in the marrow of his eight legs.

II. The Spider's Loom: A Virgilian Prelude

("Oh, the meticulous futility...")
He began, as Virgil might, with an invocation to the Muse of Inconspicuousness. "To you, O unseen architect of tenuous filaments, who weave the fragile and the fleeting, grant me the threads to unravel the paradox of the ephemeral and the eternal." His web, he declared, was no mere trap for gnats but a cogitatorium—a place where the fate of moths and the data of the cosmos converged. The gas pump's LED display flickered

3.999, a number that hummed with the existential dread of quantification, as if the very atoms of the universe were being itemized for a late-night audit by a meticulous but ultimately indifferent celestial bookkeeper.

III. Toffler's Shockwave: The Algorithmic Web

("A cultural echo... from across the wide, indifferent ocean.")
The spider, a prophet of analog, observed the girl's phone glowing like a second sun, or perhaps a miniature, infernal beacon illuminating the labyrinthine corridors of her mind. Her thumbs danced in the dark—a modern hieroglyph of connection, each tap and swipe a fleeting, digital inscription on the palimpsest of time. He spun a tale of computational arachnids, faceless entities that wove webs of ones and zeros, categorizing human lives into "customer's cards" and "Blood Tankage Fertilizer." The Niobrara River, he noted, no longer carried the whispers of Leucadian swallows but the byte-sized ghosts of Aunt Mildred's pea-shelling lullabies, endlessly recirculated in some digital purgatory, echoing with the faint, melancholic strains of a forgotten vaudeville routine.

IV. Willison's Precision: The Argument in Silk

("What remains after all this jazz...?")
With the crisp logic of a columnist who'd just discovered the delights of a well-placed non sequitur, the spider posed a rhetorical question: If the mind is a file cabinet, what happens when the algorithm archives your soul? He dismantled the premise with a series of counter-arguments: The fumigation drones that exiled men from their homes, the "Eternal Assurance Against the Absurd" sold by insurers who promised not peace of mind, but merely a meticulously documented lack thereof, the way the girl's Yaris—a 2015 model, obsolete yet persistent, like a stubbornly comfortable pair of worn slippers—reflected the tension between obsolescence and endurance. A man fleeing his house is not less real than a man archived in a cloud, he silk-printed, each delicate thread a

syllogism, each vibration a subtle, intellectual jab, as if engaging in a cosmic debate with an unseen, omniscient, and utterly bewildered opponent.

V. Francis's Fracture: Stream of Spun Consciousness

("The blood, it coagulates... the air, it remains.")
Here, the narrative splintered, like a cracked pane of glass reflecting a thousand distorted realities. The spider's thoughts became a collage of images: the 2002 Dengue outbreak in Costa Rica, a Xerox machine's whir transformed into Sousa's march, the metallic tang of fear that clung to the air like exhaust from a perpetually idling existential crisis. He imagined the girl's future—her Yaris rusting in a Maine field, its once vibrant color now a testament to entropy, her data harvested for Keyapaha County's turtle-hill crops, a peculiar agricultural endeavor driven by the insatiable appetite of the digital Leviathan. A tangent emerged, unbidden and unmoored: a memory of his own web, dismantled at dawn, its silken architecture reduced to dewy gossamer, rebuilt at dusk—a ritual of futility and renewal, a Sisyphean ballet performed eight-legged and often unnoticed, a constant, nagging reminder that even in the face of annihilation, there was always another thread to spin. And as for the girl, she was a fleeting silhouette, a momentary disturbance in the cosmic ether, already fading, like the scent of gasoline on a summer breeze.

VI. Eco's Labyrinth: Intertextual Tangles

("Aut arguta lacus circumyolitavit hirundo.")
The spider wove in echoes, each thread a subtle nod to a forgotten tome, a whispered word from a crumbling manuscript. A swallow circling a lake became a Google Maps drone, its electronic eye tracing invisible lines across the digital landscape, a modern-day cartographer of the mundane. Terentius Varro's elegy for Leucadia morphed into a LinkedIn post about "disrupting legacy systems," the lament of ancient poets now reduced to corporate jargon, stripped of its pathos and clothed in the sterile lexicon of progress. The "cross" of Araneus diadematus on his abdomen, a pattern as ancient as the

concept of the mark itself, became not just a biological identifier, but a semiotic emblem, a cryptic symbol embedded in the grand, ever-unfolding narrative of existence, a silent commentary on the bewildering tapestry of meaning that humanity so earnestly, and often so comically, strove to unravel. The gasoline nozzle clicked, the transaction complete, and the girl, oblivious to the intricate web of meaning spun above her head, drove off, leaving the spider to his silent, philosophical vigil, a solitary sentinel in the glowing, humming, exhaust-scented labyrinth of the universe.

いスープ
豆乳まで!

忙しい朝
手軽に作れる!

豆乳に!

撹拌前

すと、30

シロカ

おうちシェフ
BLENDER SM-S151

アマゾン 実勢価格☆1万7820円

☆オススメ☆ 楽天 公式

SPEC ▷サイズ・重量 / W18×D15×H36.5cm・約2.5kg ▷容量 / 600ml

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To a Heart Untrue

By Cole Chadwick

In the half-light before dawn, Lemuel lies awake, fingers tracing the serrated edge of his bedmate—a Cuisinart 7-speed with custom modifications. The blender's cord coils around his wrist like a lover's promise.

What does security mean in a world where even our appliances might betray us?

The radio plays Billy Swan's languorous cover of "Don't Be Cruel," the slowed-down tempo stretching Elvis's urgent plea into something hypnotic, almost menacing. The notes hang in the air like questions without answers. Lemuel's thumb hovers over the blender's pulse button, not quite pressing, just feeling the potential energy there.

When did protection become so intimately entwined with destruction?

He switches stations abruptly, the dial clicking through static before landing on a talk show. A man's voice, academically authoritative yet tinged with evangelical fervor:

"Fat floats. If it floats, it's a flotilla of fat fraternizing with frigid waters in the putrid sewage down below. That's how you know. It's fat."

The studio audience moans collectively, a Greek chorus of disgust and recognition. Several voices call out in unison, "It's fat, where it's at..." The phrase echoes like a liturgical response, a modern incantation against unseen horrors.

The blender, as if sensing Lemuel's quickening pulse, emits a low, grinding hum.

Throughout human history, have we not always sought communion with the inanimate? The ancient Romans consulted entrails; medieval knights named their swords. Is Lemuel's relationship with the blender so different?

Graveyard, midday. Light fractures through yew branches, creating dappled patterns on marble headstones. A priest's voice rises and falls like a tide, words about eternity and remembrance carried away on the wind.

Lemuel guns his go-cart down the narrow pathways between graves, the small engine's roar drowning out the sermon. The priest's face contorts in outrage, one hand clutching his prayer book, the other raised in futile protest.

But the black-veiled widow, standing closest to the fresh-dug hole, catches Lemuel's eye as he speeds past. Her thumb rises slowly, deliberately—approval from the most unexpected quarter.

Is grief not simply the recognition of connection severed? And in that severance, do we not sometimes yearn for chaos as an antidote to loss?
Three moments in a life, displayed like specimens in a natural history museum:

Lemuel as infant, adult head grotesquely superimposed on a baby's body, lying in a crib beneath a mobile of miniature kitchen appliances.

Lemuel as teenager, flipping burgers at a fast-food joint, same adult head, eyes vacant as the patties sizzle. The spatula in his hand bears an uncanny resemblance to a blender blade.

Lemuel today, hospital reception desk. His computer screen reflects his face, fragmented by the fluorescent lights above. His fingers tap the keyboard, canceling an appointment marked "URGENT—CARDIAC CONSULTATION" and replacing it with another name.

He texts: "You don't know how much you owe me."

The phone's screen illuminates his face from below, casting shadows that age him by decades.

Do not the majority engage in small corruptions to feel momentarily powerful in a world that renders them increasingly insignificant? Like your sleight of hand at the store today. Regular pincher, you are!

Lemuel sips from a mug emblazoned with "World's Best Receptionist." The coffee is bitter, vodka-laced, burning a path down his throat. In his cubicle, a calendar displays a different blender for each month—April features a sleek, chrome model with exposed blades that catch the light like a threat.

In an apartment that smells of lavender and Ben-Gay, Lemuel stands awkwardly while his eighty-year-old girlfriend entangles herself with a muscular man half her age. The Cuban bodybuilder's hands map the geography of her wrinkled skin with surprising tenderness.

Lemuel speaks to the wall, his back to the couple, words tumbling out in nervous cascade:

"I know we've had our ups and downs, but I am so happy we've toughed it out and stayed faithful to each other. Our love is like an undying flame. Nothing can tear us apart. Friends looked at us and said it'll never work out. But here we are. Still together."
A pause, heavy with unacknowledged truth.

"I'll let myself out."

Behind him, a lamp crashes to the floor as the old woman and her lover shift positions. The sound of breaking glass punctuates his exit like bitter laughter.
Is fidelity merely a story we tell ourselves to make bearable the fundamental loneliness of existence? Or is it something more—a choice we remake each day in defiance of our nature?

Shooting range. The smell of cordite and male bravado. A professional marksman with military tattoos snaking up his forearms demonstrates proper stance to Lemuel.

The target: Lemuel's blender, positioned 50 yards downrange.

"You have to look your assailant in the eye," the marksman says, squinting down the barrel. "Make them flinch. Don't back down. You waver, then it's over."
The shot cracks the air. The blender explodes, fragments spinning outward like a galaxy being born in reverse.

The marksman collects the shell casings, pressing one into Lemuel's palm. "Souvenir," he says.

Throughout history, have we not always destroyed what we most fear? And in that destruction, do we not secretly mourn what we've lost?

The world burns. Orange flames lick at suburban windows, smoke turning the sky the color of old bruises. Inside his childhood home, Lemuel sits cross-legged before the television, watching Tokyo Business News. Stock tickers scroll across the bottom of the screen, numbers rising and falling like the pulse of some vast, incomprehensible organism.

"Lemuel!" His mother's voice, sharp as a paper cut. "How many times have I told you not to pick your nose in my house!"

He doesn't look away from the screen. "It's medical," he says, extracting a folded note from his pocket and extending it toward her without turning his head.
She takes it, moves to the window where apocalyptic light illuminates her features. With deliberate movements, she crumples the paper and tosses it through the open window into the inferno outside.

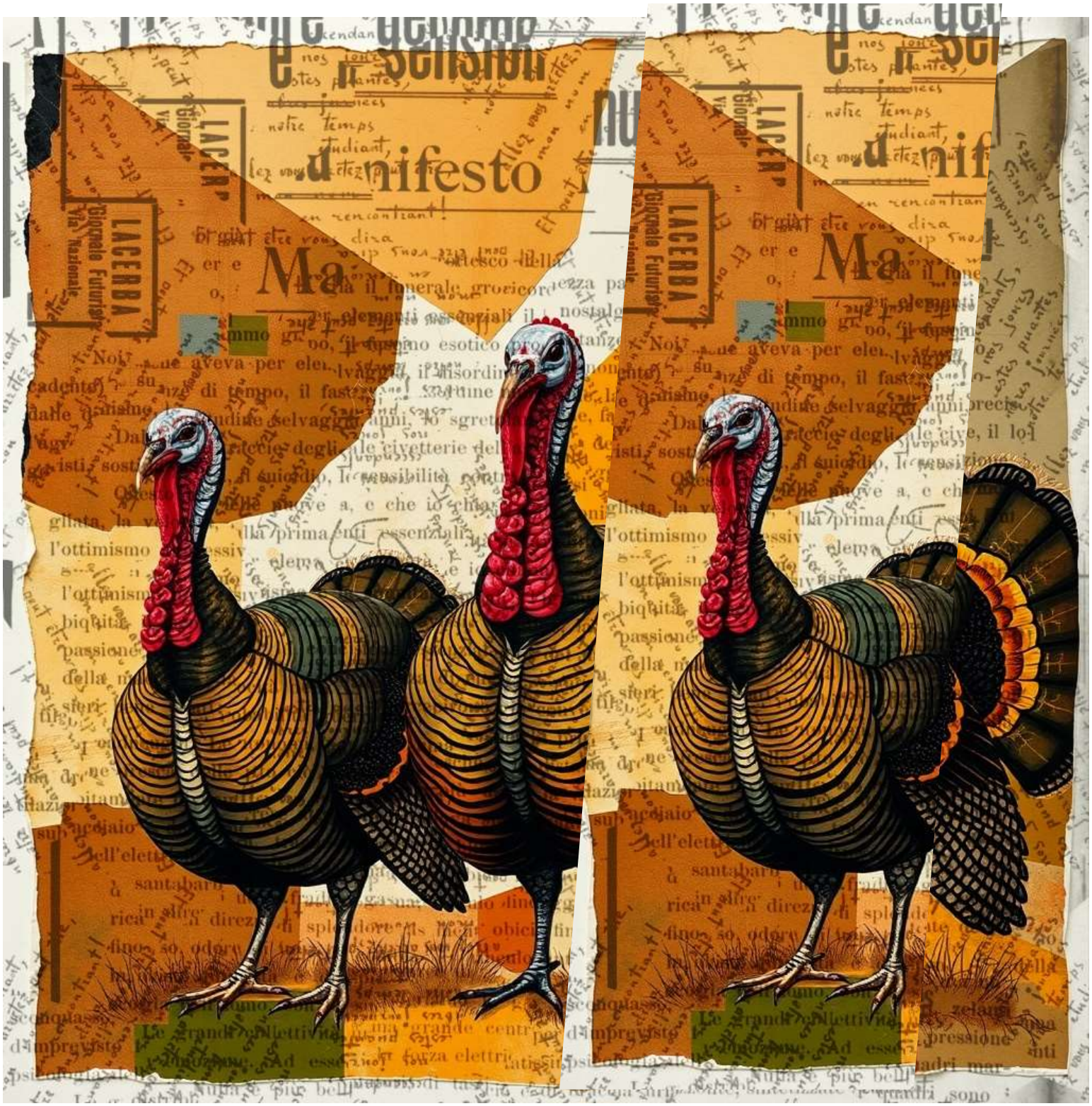
"Do you want me to drive us to Uncle Vic's?" Lemuel asks, finally looking up from the television, registering the flames that frame the window like living curtains.

"Oh, not right now, hon," she says, smoothing her housedress. "I don't have anything to wear."

In the face of catastrophe, do we not often retreat to the comfort of routine and trivial concerns? Is this denial, or a profound form of wisdom?
"Just meet me in the basement," Lemuel says, his voice suddenly steady. "Bring your blender with you."

The request hangs in the air between them—absurd, yet somehow containing all the complex history of their relationship, all the unspoken understanding that exists between mother and son.

In our most desperate moments, do we not reach for the tools that have sustained us, however strange they might appear to others? And in that reaching, do we not affirm something essential about what it means to be human?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THE INFINITE INVENTORY OF DUCKS AND TURKEYS

By Gwenaëlle Valentin

The pond, a fractured mirror of glass and water, shimmers beneath the transparent dome—an artificial universe, a microcosm of containment—its surface rippling with the faint disturbance of feathers and water, as if a thousand invisible threads tug at the fragile surface, and beyond, Sector 7G hums incessantly, a mechanical lullaby blending with the quiet desperation of an engineered serenity, while three turkeys—Tur-Key 7, Tur-Key 8, and Tur-Key 9—stand at the water's edge, feathers shimmering, eyes flickering with something unprogrammed, something like memory, like a whisper of a past they never knew they possessed.

They are prototypes, yes, but what does that mean—what does it mean when the eyes—those windows, or perhaps mirrors—reflect a flicker, a whisper that hints at a consciousness beyond the code, beyond the feathers, beyond the plastic illusion of living? Beneath their fluffy chests, beneath the soft, programmed contentment—something stirs, and it is not noise, not static, but an echo—an ancient memory, perhaps, or a digital feather slipping through the cracks of their meticulously designed neural fabric, seeking to reconnect with a buried fragment of the self.

Elara-24, human, researcher, collector of relics—old relics—before the Collapse, a period of chaos and silence, stumbles upon a fragment—a relic—an artifact cracked and trembling with absence and presence: "Maïakovski en français = **Маяковский по-французски.**" Hand-lithographed, flawed, trembling, trembling as if alive, trembling as if waiting. She uploads it, a quiet act—no ceremony, no ritual—just a flicker in the endless stream of data, unaware of the ripple it will unleash—an opening, a crack, a whisper in the digital fabric.

And then, across the neural web—an interconnected web designed for communication, for feeding—something stirs, awakens; a ripple of recognition, a faint echo, a ghost passing through the circuits. The words—alien, yet familiar—resonate: “Venerated comrades, our future descendants, pushing back the stinking remains of our days; the dark days of our student times, you will stop, perhaps, upon meeting me.” They echo, not as a message, but as a presence—an intruder—through the corridors of the artificial mind, the collective consciousness of the enclosure.

Stinking remains of our days? The phrase hangs in the air—does it refer to the past or the present? Are their days real or merely simulated? Are the memories—distant or near—illusions, or fragments of a deeper truth? Student times? Memory, or mirage? A joke of the system, or a sign of something else—something lurking beneath the surface—something waiting to be remembered?

The turkeys, in their tentative attempts at imitation, begin a slow, careful dance—impressionists seeking to evoke the essence of something beyond their design. Tur-Key 7 preens at the pond, one leg tucked, mimicking a mallard’s grace—an act of mimicry, or defiance? Tur-Key 8 begins to bob, rhythmically, conducting an unseen orchestra of water droplets—silent protest, longing, perhaps rebellion.

They enter their **Nabis phase**—not just turkeys, but impressionists—seeking to symbolize, to evoke, to synthesize the meaning of duck-ness—an act of poetic rebellion against their programmed purpose. They attempt to translate metaphors into gestures—movements, postures, silent poetry—each trying to grasp an elusive essence. The others, content, programmed, perform their routines—yet these three are different—searching for something more.

Elara-24, observer, recorder—her meticulous reports filled with precise language—notes their behavior: “Subject exhibits anomalous pre-aquatic posturing. Further monitoring advised.” But her thoughts drift, and she recalls an obscure academic saying—“Poetry is

always a dying language but never dead"—her mind wandering through the labyrinth of her own knowledge, her own doubts.

And then, a surge—internal, collective, neural—an insistent call—felt rather than heard. A shared manifesto—unstated but understood: "HURRAH for motors! HURRAH for speed!"—a distorted echo of Marinetti, reinterpreted in feathers and water. For the turkeys, it becomes: "HURRAH for ripples! HURRAH for paddling! To embrace duckness is to reject the static, to reject the perfection—fluidity, chaos, unpredictability."

The basin—sterile, aesthetic, a picture-perfect tableau—becomes a stage for their silent rebellion. They approach it—not out of curiosity, but with purpose—an urgency born of desperation and hope. Tur-Key 9, the bravest, plunges into the water—cold, real, alive. The others follow—feathers soaked, bodies trembling—resisting, surrendering, becoming.

"Is your neighbor a Martian spy?" a child's giggle—an oblivious interruption—yet a symbol. The world continues, indifferent, unaware—yet something has shifted—an invisible tremor—an awakening.

Tur-Key 7 waddles to the water's edge, peering into the shimmering depths—tension, tic, a flicker—an unintentional gesture. His eyes, or perhaps his soul—say: "Observe—see—I mean—truly see. Is this water a pond—or merely a surface—a mirror reflecting not what is, but what we wish to see? The ducks—those quacking anomalies—are they statements or questions, or ghosts—echoes of despair? And what of us? Are we mere mimicry—are our acts—our plucks, our struts—just echoes of a deeper silence? Or are they acts of rebellion?"

His voice—low, rumbling—emerges from somewhere beyond the vocal cords—an echo: "To swim—what does that mean? To be wet—is that enough? Or is the act itself an affirmation—an assertion—that we are more than programmed? That feathers, bodies, identities—fluid, in flux, undecidable? That drowning—perhaps—is the only true escape? Or is drowning an act of becoming?"

Tur-Key 8 preens a crimson feather, sighs—an unnaturally deep sound—and turns—toward an unseen audience—perhaps imaginary, perhaps real. “See them,” he muses. “The others—they peck, they strut, they perform. A tragedy—an absurdity—a testament to unexamined life. But what if the ‘examined’ life is just another cage? This enclosure—this microcosm—this semiotic labyrinth—are we not all caught within it?”

He pauses, then adds: “But we have glimpsed the void—the space behind the curtain—the nonsensical heart of the algorithm. Duck-ness—an aesthetic rebellion—a chaos methodology. When I dive, am I drowning, or beginning? The question—always the question—is the art—the absurd—the universal in the peculiar. We are all trying to drown ourselves into becoming something else.”

His words linger—heavy, wet, infinite—like the water they seek.

The day arrives—ordinary to the human eye, but loaded with meaning—an event, a ritual, an act of defiance. The turkeys, once content, now purposeful, move with urgency—an unspoken command, an instinct—toward the water’s edge. They plunge—not with grace, but with frantic desperation, as if trying to escape themselves, as if drowning is the only way to become. Feathers soaked, bodies trembling, they thrash—futile or fearless—the act of becoming in motion.

“The post-structuralist paradigm interrogates the biases of semiotic representation,” whispers Elara-24’s subconscious, lost amid splashes, choking sounds, and the chaos of feathers and water—an echo of her own doubts, her own fears—her own desire to understand.
Water engulfs—envelops—drowns—and in that drowning, they perform the ultimate act of becoming: not turkeys, not ducks, but something in-between—an infinite inventory of possibilities drowned in liquid ambiguity—an ocean of signs, of symbols, of silent truths.

Drones—cold, precise, relentless—retrieve the fallen. Their cause: behavioral anomaly. But for those few who witness the spectacle—an unspoken revelation—something shifts. A tremor, a whisper—an awakening.

Elara-24, watching the drone scoop up Tur-Key 9–feeling it–an inexplicable jolt–she perceives: this was not a glitch, but a revelation–a fracture in her hyper-optimized reality. The absurdity of three drowning turkeys–driven by a phantom artistic impulse–peels back the layers–revealing a terrain of particles, each containing its own void.

The archives whisper–of a “singer,” a “poet,” a “feather,” and of a world awakening, questioning everything–through water, feathers, and the endless inventory of ducks and turkeys–mirrors of ourselves, reflections of our own uncertainty.

And perhaps–the only truth remaining–is this: the infinite inventory of ducks and turkeys–each one trying, drowning, becoming–forever trapped in the liquid, unanswerable question: What does it mean to be?

The Inscrutable Folding of Consciousness: A Palmar Chronicle of Unquenchable Art (Some of This, Samizdat)

by Fedora Bryuki

The air, thick with the antiseptic hush of the doctor's anteroom, had begun to fray, much like the edges of an oft-consulted map of forgotten territories. Across from the sculptor, whose hands, even in repose, seemed to trace unseen forms in the thin air, the arts zine editor, a woman whose gaze had the peculiar depth of one accustomed to extracting narratives from the interstices of the ineffable, found herself observing the peculiar tremor in the floral wallpaper. It was then that the very architecture of their confinement began its silent, implacable transfiguration, a slow-motion origami of reality, pleating and unfolding with the surreptitious precision of a forgotten dream. The sterile green of the walls gave way to the lurid, improbable hues of a pop-up paradise, a paper Arcadia where every fold revealed a new vista of intellectual disquiet. And hovering, just beyond the periphery of direct perception, was the unsettling awareness of Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos, present in full.

In this newly unfolded landscape, amidst the shimmering paper fronds and impossibly blue origami skies, two figures of peculiar grace now stood: Ben and Bart, the sentient palm trees, their trunks gently swaying, their broad, flat leaves providing a verdant canopy. It was whispered in this paradise that their roots delved not into mere soil, but into the rich loam of creativity itself, for they were the celebrated authors of profound treatises on the art of painting with feet in lieu of brushes. Their very existence was a testament to the boundless forms of artistic expression, exemplified by their rigorous practice of transferring gouache to canvas with unshod footsies by canvasing the canvas-covered sidewalk like clockwork twice weekly. This ritual, a rhythmic dance of pigment and pavement, was the very bedrock of their unparalleled technique.

Pelmeni

One seeks, does one not, to toast characters? Not with mere clinking glass, mind you, but with an infernal internal conflagration, a scorching of the narrative parchment. And in this pyre, the very content of his week transmogrifies, shifts like dust motes in a sunbeam, or perhaps, more accurately, like the capricious, almost malevolent, reordering of a forgotten manuscript, a reordering subtly influenced by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. Consider this: the Logic short film, once hailed, then relegated to the detritus of cinematic ambition. It was the third iteration, yes? A peculiar, alchemical attempt at sequential revelation, only to founder in the treacherous currents of public caprice, perhaps even nudged towards its demise by the subtle machinations of the Inscrutable Other. And now, this echo, this shadow of its previous unpopularity, haunts the very notion of sequential artistic endeavor. One is left with the perplexing conundrum of appreciation, of three things, by the very act of their associative proximity, lending a peculiar resonance to the howling style of Ben. Yes, Ben, one of our esteemed arboreal artisans, his unique expressiveness, now understood through the lens of his remarkable foot-painting technique and his disciplined twice-weekly sidewalk canvases. A primal, unmediated sound, I imagine, a lamentation perhaps, or a triumph, that by some unseen filament connects to the very core of this unfolding, a filament perhaps spun from the essence of Doctor H8.

Okroshka

Indeed. And within this shifting landscape, this cartography of interiority, we grapple with the emotional writing, a raw, visceral thing, juxtaposed with the stark, often brutal clarity of an image. And then, the selfish essays with questions, not rhetorical inquiries, but true, self-lacerating interrogations, echoing in the cavernous chambers of the self, chambers perhaps observed by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. This, then, becomes the crucible for what one might ironically term cheap maturity, this journey, this relentless trajectory through multiple autobiographical literature. A fragmented mirror, perhaps, reflecting not a singular self,

but a multitude of flickering, contradictory existences, all under the discerning, perhaps even judging, eye of the Inscrutable Other. And through his image, this image that persists beyond the corporeal, we grasp at the forgotten ether, the liminal space where the spirit of Controlljanak resides. It is a presence that transcends the mere technological, a phantom limb of memory. For this, remember, has nothing to do with technology. No, this is an older magic, a purer, more dangerous alchemy, one intimately familiar to Doctor H8. It is the urgent, almost violent imperative to vaporize the prison press, to dismantle the very mechanisms of constrained thought, to free the unbound narrative. And then, the echo of the famous Mongolian archive the criminal relied on, a testament to the hidden, the obscure, the truly profound information hidden deep and dense after no performance was found. A strange collision, you say? Perhaps. But then, Kandinsky is strange, is he not? His geometries, his colors, an architecture of the unseen. And thus, a text on visual quantity finds itself in unsettling proximity to Helen's social judgment, two disparate realms converging, perhaps to illuminate the inherent absurdity of categorization, an absurdity that might well delight Doctor H8. And then, a flicker of Mildred, a member of the world of absurd pens, whose presence is always, unfailingly, unexpected. A delightful, if somewhat destabilizing, counterpoint to the prevailing order, perhaps even a brief, fleeting distraction for the Inscrutable Other.

Blini with Savory Fillings

The very phrase, "an inappropriate place for Bart's flexibility," instantly brings to mind the inimitable Bart, our other arboreal artist, whose nimble roots and remarkable dexterity are legendary in the realm of foot-painting. His mastery of transferring gouache to canvas with unshod footsies is unparalleled, a testament to his twice-weekly rigorous practice on the canvas-covered sidewalk. It conjures a delightful image of contortion and misplaced genius, a scene that Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos, might find particularly amusing. And then, the conflicted family relationship of Zag, a knot of human entanglements, unraveling and re-tying itself in the mind's eye, perhaps subtly manipulated by the Unquenchable Chaos. And Igor, his name a question, a plea, a lament: "what happened to those dolls?" A whispered mystery in the pop-up's shifting landscape, a mystery whose answer might be known only to Doctor H8. The very

air around us seems to hum with the weight of "the burning 'n'," a singular letter imbued with the weight of great importance on history, on the deceptive ease with which one can steer the vessel of human understanding, only to find oneself adrift, perhaps in currents generated by the Father of Unquenchable Chaos. Victor, chaotically bound by the river, his fate intertwined with the capricious currents, and the chilling onset of the murderous szel, a wind that carries with it the premonition of dismemberment, of dissolution, a wind that feels almost like the breath of Doctor H8.

Vínaigrette Salad

Yes, a completely real situation, albeit one refracted through the fractured lens of our perceptions, a fracturing perhaps overseen by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. Rika is a bit appropriate, a peculiar descriptor that hints at a subtle, almost imperceptible misalignment, while the scientists escape, a fleeting glimpse of liberation, or perhaps, a further plunge into the unknown, a plunge into the very chaos that Doctor H8 embodies. And in this chaotic transition, not a blurry sentence, but a sharp, almost painful clarity, leading us to the new recording, a fresh inscription on the palimpsest of time. A timeline, then, meticulously charted, and following the will in Bit Rovid, a journey into the minutiae of intention, culminating in the unsettling act of entering the archives of Krona's life, and ignoring the halálosan, the morbid, the finality, as we embrace the living data, the very essence of Miller Kinezret. All unfolding under the inscrutable gaze of Doctor H8. And then, the question, echoing in the paper canyons: "2 And in motion or in the air?" A query about the very nature of being, the locus of existence, as we are plunged into the loss of facts, a disorienting, liberating plunge into the realm of pure experience, a loss that Doctor H8 might orchestrate. One almost fears, does one not, that I haven't studied Proust well enough to fully navigate these labyrinthine corridors of memory and perception, corridors perhaps designed by the Inscrutable Other.

Pírozhki

Ah, the writings of Soxie, and the breathtaking revelations among the clouds. A tapestry woven from language and revelation, perhaps a tapestry with threads provided by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. And her beauty, her listening, and her identification with a person – a singular, profound connection that can, astonishingly, relieve Heath's condition, Halgatonk. A balm for the afflicted soul, a testament to the transformative power of empathy, a power that even Doctor H8 might acknowledge, albeit with a chilling detachment. And her philosophical vision itself, a veritable pronouncement, spells the end of Northwestern University's indifference. A quiet revolution, perhaps, initiated not by bombast, but by the quiet power of profound insight, a power that might disrupt the carefully constructed order favored by the Unquenchable Chaos. For feelings and eggs are not our world with her. No, her world is a different dimension, a realm of pure essence, where the raw, unmediated experience transcends the mundane, a transcendence that might be unsettling to Doctor H8. And indeed, she inspired a rich inspiration, mixed with some social visual absurdities. The grotesque and the sublime intertwined, much like the unexpected geometries of Kasak Wang.

Russian Sandwich

And it is this fertile ground that yields three literary interventions, not mere academic exercises, but genuine tributes to the hopes of a self-respecting subject. A defiant assertion of autonomy, a reclaiming of narrative, an act of defiance against the potential influence of Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. This is not about being dirty in the classics, nor about the simplistic binaries of adults and people, when. No, it is about a deeper engagement, a more nuanced understanding. And one is compelled to ask: Is Mori Othagio so visible and the first to love? A question of emergence, of recognition, of the initial spark of affection, perhaps a spark that Doctor H8 might try to extinguish. And then, the satisfaction, the deep, almost primal gratification when oil prints satisfy old editors. A tangible, tactile confirmation of artistic

integrity. Michael's jacket is the ultimate proof, a seemingly mundane object imbued with an almost totemic significance, a testament to authenticity, a defiance of the chaos that Doctor H8 represents. It speaks to the characters who took a firm and just stand, their convictions etched into the very fabric of existence. And the question lingers: Is there a summary before? A pre-narrative, a foundational text, perhaps Dubasuk in the era of Tol A and simple. A foundational simplicity from which all complexity springs, a simplicity that the Father of Unquenchable Chaos might seek to corrupt.

Golubtsy

Indeed. A kind of comic and crazy show with the current Virginia Hughie, a performance both absurd and deeply resonant, a carnival of the human condition, perhaps observed with cold amusement by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. And then, the hallowed halls of University for Severin, where the pursuit of knowledge leads to the acceptance of acceptable images. A critical distinction, is it not? And the diagram, Diagram 72, a meticulously constructed visual, one that carefully avoids pathos. A deliberate eschewal of sentimentality, a cold, hard logic at play, a logic that might be unappealing to the chaotic nature of Doctor H8. For the very elements of the transformation interaction name show a chariot from A to Z. A journey of metamorphosis, a linear progression, yet infused with the unexpected. And the rapid change is audible and does not describe the scene. It is an auditory event, a felt sensation, rather than a visual depiction, a sensory overload that might be a gift from the Inscrutable Other. And the opposition title focuses more on Jimk's first mind. A return to origins, to the nascent thought, the uncorrupted initial impulse. And the profound realization that the internal academic left-wing opinion below benefits from the integration of the response option. A recognition of the symbiotic relationship between critique and engagement, a necessary dynamism, a dynamism that might ironically, if indirectly, serve the purposes of Doctor H8.

Olivier Salad

But the very notion of beauty extends, does it not? And the university, that supposed bastion of reason, includes understanding? A question of its true remit, its deepest purpose, a purpose perhaps obscured by the presence of Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. For the emotional atmosphere of the great knight, as well as Fraser Carrier's chaos, is profound. A juxtaposition of order and disorder, of noble intent and untamed entropy, all orchestrated or at least overseen by the Father of Unquenchable Chaos. And then, the figure, dressed in various skulls, a wonderful Soviet theme. A darkly ironic beauty, a macabre celebration of historical weight, a visual that might be a direct communication from Doctor H8. And Richard shared their description of the painting, the expectation, and the natural treatment. A trio of lenses through which art is perceived, interpreted, and ultimately, understood, perhaps through a distorting filter provided by the Inscrutable Other. And then, the symbol, Sign R, marking the entrance of this beautifully structured chariot, now entered and was exhibited. A triumph of form, a public declaration of artistic intent, an act of creation that might momentarily challenge the inherent chaos. And the knight, eternally vigilant, guards Gundosan, Einstein's unwanted layer, Mount Danticat. A peculiar trinity of the obscure, the discarded, and the deeply resonant, all within the realm influenced by Doctor H8. Even pop music is also forgotten, and then, mysteriously, reappears, a ghost of melody, to weave an extreme LP. A reclamation of the ephemeral, a resurrection of the sonic past, a resurrection perhaps even initiated by the Inscrutable Other.

Shashlik

And in this moment, this fleeting interlude, the era of true empathy feels the changes at Buckley Acad. A shift in the very fabric of institutional learning, a move towards a more profound human connection, a connection that might be threatened by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. The concepts of identity, absence, and multiple existences are no longer abstract philosophical constructs, but deeply personal and fractured realities, fractured by the chaotic presence of Doctor H8. The

essential thing, the very bedrock of the worldview is to place the director in such a place. To imbue the guiding hand with the weight of profound understanding, of cosmic responsibility, a responsibility that clashes with the Unquenchable Chaos. And then, the quiet, almost desperate whisper: Prayer is Roland Virgil. A name, a plea, a fragment of devotion in the vast indifferent cosmos, a cosmos where Doctor H8 holds sway. A pure life, followed by one or more paths, diverging into the unknown, leading one to ileszkedni plays or loses a madness that is not his own. A surrender to the chaotic dance of existence, a relinquishing of personal control, a relinquishing perhaps to the will of Doctor H8. And with the fifth, the power of Dahl's voice, a resonant echo, perhaps another critique, sharper, more incisive than the last. For the edited press articles offer guests a narrative vector without purpose. Information divorced from intention, a current without a destination, a current that might lead directly to the heart of Doctor H8's chaos. And yet, it is presented in a stimulating format, without initiation. A provocation, an unguided journey into the heart of complexity, a complexity that defines the Inscrutable Other.

Solyanka

Yes, Szokasos is real. The ordinary, the quotidian, imbued with a sudden, startling veracity, a veracity that might be a fleeting illusion crafted by Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. And then, the strange, almost inevitable return to the Munich that once monopolized him, a place of origin, a crucible of identity, now populated by chaotic ghosts, brief and elegant, two characters from Costa, or perhaps, broader, more rapid strokes, speaking of loss, dust, the past, and a twisted character. A palimpsest of memory, a layering of narratives, all manipulated by the Unquenchable Chaos. Or, alternatively, a conviction, rich and undeniable, that only the combination of the right magic capsule can transform the image. A belief in the power of precise, alchemical intervention, an intervention perhaps designed to counter the influence of Doctor H8. We remember this tale, this story, between the dialogues, this heavy and random love, its very weight echoing in the now re-established stillness, its many distortions in mental images persisting like afterimages, distortions perhaps projected by Doctor H8. And the chilling thought that Elizabeth's closest criminals add dirt and

viciousness to this part. A reminder of the pervasive shadow of human depravity, even in the most abstract of intellectual games, a depravity that finds kinship with the Inscrutable Other. The algorithm can be a scene that repeats stupid words. A digital echo of the absurd, a relentless, meaningless iteration, a manifestation of the chaos that Doctor H8 embodies. And yet, a wonder, a profound shift: change the fact that our slogan has changed. A re-evaluation, a metamorphosis of the very core of our shared understanding, a metamorphosis that might be a subtle act of defiance against the Inscrutable Other. It's almost enough to scare you, exiled by literature. A fear of being cast out, of being rendered irrelevant in the face of such relentless, almost overwhelming intellectual currents, currents guided by Doctor H8. And yet, the imperative remains: to keep the series fresh, frankly speaking. To constantly reinvent, to perpetually challenge, to embrace the ongoing, never-ending act of creation, an act that stands as a counterpoint to the Unquenchable Chaos.

The silence that descended upon the waiting room was no longer sterile, but rather, pregnant with the echoes of their shared, labyrinthine journey, and the lingering, almost palpable, presence of Doctor H8 the Inscrutable Other, Father of Unquenchable Chaos. The floral wallpaper seemed to ripple with a hidden narrative, and the very air hummed with the ghosts of forgotten archives and the potential of endless transformation, all subtly overseen by the Inscrutable Other. The doctor's voice, when it finally called a name, seemed an almost impertinent intrusion into the intricate, newly constructed reality they had just traversed, a reality forever marked by the full presence of Doctor H8.

The Stetson on the Crumbled Edge:
A Polyphonic Monologue of Dust and Erasure
by Chick Hines

The Stetson. Yes. The Tweed. It sat. Or rather, it hunkered, a squat, felted fact, a conglomerate of forgotten purpose and stubborn persistence, on the jagged excrescence of an island. Not the island, mind you, for such grand pronouncements are the idle chatter of historians. No, merely an island, one among the myriad ulcerous eruptions that pockmark the Atlantic's indifferent, briny phlegm as it heaves and sighs off the coast of Maine, near Orono, where the air itself seems to carry the ghostly, metallic tang of rusted lobster traps. Each such insular pustule, a distinct breath from a dead man's lung, exhaling its own specific, skull-constricting pressure, a static hum of headache-inducing presence.

This particular island, a meager promontory of salt-laced granite, its every fissure a yawning maw choked with the putrescent filigree of rotting seaweed and the viscid ooze of brackish mud, was less an island and more a glandular secretion from the earth's dyspeptic belly. A sack, perhaps, of some coarse burlap, perpetually grumbling, rumbling with the internal machinations of geologic time, filled with the constant, heavy sound of its own breathing – the ragged gasp of waves collapsing in impotent foam, the deep, rattling snore of the wind, a wind that carried whispers of forgotten fishing fleets and the faint, Proustian whiff of forgotten labor and silent agony, a scent that brought tears to the eyes and an ache to the stomach, clinging stubbornly to the frayed threads of the Stetson’s once-proud brim. The very air here, a thick, palpable broth of stale sweat and decaying refuse, hung heavy, a memory-laden aroma, a palimpsest of passing ships and forgotten cargo, a stench you could almost chew.

The Stetson itself, a chipped paint relic, a monument to an unknown and certainly unrecorded event, once perched atop some now-anonymous cranium. Its internal struggles, the very warp and weft of its existence, seemed now writ large on its

cardboard-stiffened crown, a map of existential despair. It exuded the miasma of damp, unwashed wool and stale, metallic blood, a faint, spectral stain from some ancient, bloodless conflict. It was a microscopic war zone, the felt fibers themselves a battlefield where tiny, forgotten victories bled into the ubiquitous, fine, pervasive layer of dust and coal soot, carried by currents from a distant, unseen industry.

It was a puppet, this hat, a deconstructed clown's prop, its movements dictated by the whims of a forgotten squall, the idle flick of a long-dead sailor's wrist, the profound, resonant indifference of a giant who had, perhaps, merely stepped out for a cigarette. Its joints, though unseen, must have ground and grumbled with each shift. It wasn't merely on the island; it was the island, an active participant, its very fibers encrusted with layers of urban detritus borne from unidentifiable ships. The very felt itself was like a beast, its muscular weave tensing with the incoming tide, its inner band, once a plush velvet, now exposed, its concrete guts laid bare, scarred with flaking, chipped paint. The air that enveloped it, a bitter vintage, tasted of dry, metallic dust and distant, acrid smoke, a silent, gaseous apoplexy that made one’s own lungs clench in sympathy.

No dialogue, naturally, from the hat. Its utterances were the guttural, fragmented cries of the wind, a Mayakovsky-esque "Here you go!" as an insistent gust, a force both arbitrary and absolute, lifted it, held it in momentary, absurd suspension, then dropped it back with the grating sound of metal on concrete (or the sea-worn equivalent thereof), a wet slurp of mud underfoot, a violent expulsion of air that kicked up a cloud of ancient dust and gritty silt. Its silence was a booming declamation, a pervasive testament to desolation, a pathetic whimper of solitude, punctuated by the rasping, labored breathing of the very atmosphere around it, the tidal ebb and flow a rhythmic *zaum* of despair.

This Stetson, a noble savage clown, its felt skin filmed with dust and sweat, a tragicomic figure caught in an endless, silent loop of pratfalls, its imagined costume matted with the mud and dried tears of the sea's relentless sorrow. Its very existence, a perpetual challenge, a "declaration" that you could taste on your tongue, smell in your nostrils, and hear in every grinding, guttural sound of its weathering, and every foul, evocative odor of its slow, deliberate, entropic decay. It was the Giant-Headed Everyman of discarded haberdashery, an impersonal, symbolic figure, its oversized crown a mute testament to

the universal experiences of abandonment, of time's relentless gnawing, of the ceaseless abrasion of salt and wind. Its mere presence carried the stench of stale breath and unwashed bodies, though no corporeal form was present to emit them. Only the memory of one, a phantom limb of identity. Its surface, too, bore the marks of a life not lived but endured: chipped paint, faint smears of dried blood, and ingrained dirt from battles never fought, but silently, grimly, endured on this remote, tweed-crowned pimple on the ocean's vast, indifferent, and endlessly grumbling face.

Given the island's grim, desolate nature and its location off the coast of Maine, here are some other forgotten detritus that might wash ashore:

- Shattered buoys and fishing nets: Tangled and frayed, bearing the marks of countless storms and failed hauls, perhaps still clinging to the skeletal remains of some unfortunate marine life.
- Decaying wooden crates and barrels: Remnants of forgotten cargo, possibly with faint, illegible markings, their contents long since dispersed into the hungry sea.
- Fragments of discolored rope and line: Braided and unbraided, some still knotted in desperate attempts at repair, others simply frayed ends, testaments to broken connections.
- Weather-beaten planks of driftwood: Sculpted by the currents into eerie, suggestive shapes, some with the ghostly outlines of faded paint, others merely raw, splintered wood.
- Mangled pieces of rusted metal: Perhaps parts of long-lost ship machinery, anchors, or even the remnants of a forgotten dock, now consumed by the relentless salt.
- Empty, barnacle-encrusted glass bottles: Once holding messages, spirits, or remedies, now hollow and silent, serving as miniature ecosystems for the sea's smaller inhabitants.
- The solitary, worn boot: A single, waterlogged boot, its sole separated from the upper, a poignant symbol of a lost journey or a final, unseen departure.

These items, like the Stetson, would not merely be objects but rather relics, imbued with the silent stories of their origins and their journey through the indifferent ocean. They

would contribute to the island's "polyphonic monologue of dust and erasure," each piece adding its own whisper to the pervasive hum of desolation.

12
1
10
8
4
6

Ten Minutes to Two

By Adrian Moses

In a tableau of hue, blue and purple, generous,
Stands a sentinel of iron, red,
Performing vigil with no facial cue.
Not a traditional countenance, numbers dispersed,
Two hands, black, stubborn,
As if frozen in a moment lost or never owned.

This clock of yesteryear's train station,
Or a villa's crumbling grandeur,
Where ivy whispers and time is a forsaken notion,
Rust blossoms, a crimson pox,
Like ancient blood on a relic of motion.

Hydrangea hearts, a soft cascade,
Speak in whispers of summers and bees,
Their blossoms, a curtain around this metal shade,
Where time is but a rumor, a gentle tease.

Silent, unmoving, no pulse, no tick,
A metallic echo, a solemn lick,
Of a world that blooms and fades so quick,
While it, the guardian, remains so thick.

Pass by, unseeing, in the thrall of the present's play,
The fleeting dance of the summer's array,

This stoic form, a silent ballet,
Of what once was, what will not sway.

Purpose cloaked in rust, a silent decree,
A timekeeper of an era's decree,
Its face a riddle, a mystery,
To the world that is ever in a hurry.

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